

BORROWED HUSBANDS

By
MILDRED K. BARBOUR

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After Peggy Lewis' triumphant

coup, Nancy left the millinery shop

in disgust.

She bid Peggy a cool good-bye and

went into the taxi the doorman sum-

moned.

Mr. Langwell was in none too pleas-

ant a mood.

"She put that over rather neatly,"

didn't she?" he remarked after a few

moments' pause.

"Rather," said Nancy, curtly.

She had no wish to discuss the af-

fair with Langwell. She could have

slapped Peggy. She felt humiliated by

her friendship with that irrepressible

moul, and yet inwardly she struggled

with amusement at the doctor's dis-

comfiture.

It seemed incredible that little

fluffy rattle-brained Peggy could have

so thoroughly routed Langwell's as-

surance.

"And yet they say the woman

pays!" he mused.

"Oh, that's an exploded theory now-

adays. Who was the clever person

who once said, 'Yes, a woman pays,

but a man endures the note'?"

"Probably the man who discovered

the modern gold digger. Is gold dig-

ging a profession or a business with

your friend Mrs. Lewis?"

"Neither. Collecting husbands is

her hobby, and making everyone con-

form to her wishes is her ambition."

"Pleasant little creature," muttered

the doctor.

He drew his cheque book out of

his pocket, and looked at the last stub

carefully.

"You have to hand it to her," he

said with a sigh, as he closed the book

and slipped it back in his pocket. "I

was going to take you to Belmonte's,

I think we better go to the Automat

instead."

A sudden reckless mood took pos-

session of Nancy.

"Let's go to the river," she suggested.

"Let's ride up the river to a perfect-

ly riding inn I know of. It's a heav-

enly day, and the fresh air will do us

both good."

"Likely to be many people up

there!"

"Scarcely a soul at this time of the

year. We can have lunch served be-

fore a big open fire, or on a glassed-

in sun parlor overlooking the river,

as you prefer."

"Fine idea," he agreed. "I vote for

the sun parlor. Let's run in some-

where first and phone the hospital to

ask about Mrs. Stanley and leave word

where I can be reached."

"And I'll phone my apartment and

leave a message in case Curtis Stan-

ley arrives before I get back."

"If I were you, I wouldn't tell him

who your companion is."

Nancy looked at him wide-eyed.

"But why not?"

"Sure you can trust him?"

"Trust him?" echoed Nancy. "What

about? We're only going a few miles

up the river to a very well-known inn

for luncheon. Is there any reason why

the whole world shouldn't know

that?"

"Considering that my wife is in Chi-

cago, and your husband is in Peru, the

world might be likely to draw unkind

conclusions over the fact that we were

funching together at all."

"How conventional you are!"

shrugged Nancy. "Does the world

trouble you so much?"

"Only when it finds out."

He rapped on the taxi window and

ordered the driver to stop.

He was gone several minutes.

"That fixes that," he said with a

complacent smile, as he climbed back

into the cab. "I gave the hospital

Miss Blair's telephone number. I'll

call back there occasionally for any

message. Didn't I tell you once before

that I covered my tracks rather well?"

With her tiny sled and away hopped

Uncle Wiggly. He looked here, there

and everywhere for adventures but he

couldn't seem to find any, and he was

just wishing he might even have a

chance to run away from the Woods.

Wolf when all of a sudden, the bunny

gentleman felt a sharp pain in his left

hind paw.

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Uncle

Wiggly, lifting the paw out of the

snow. "Oh, have I stepped in a trap?"

It hurt him so much that he couldn't

walk! Oh, dear! And I left my red

white and blue barter pole crutch

home! What shall I do?"

He sat down in the snow with one

paw raised. He could see no one who

might help him. Uncle Wiggly was

going to do his best to hop on one

hind paw back to his bungalow when,

all at once he saw some one coming

over the top of the hill.

"I hope it isn't the Woods Wolf

now," thought the bunny. "I can't run

away from him!"

And how glad he was when he saw

Baby Buntly with her tiny sled. The

little rabbit girl came coasting down

the hill on her way home.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggly! Whatever is the

matter?" asked Baby Buntly. "Are you

trying to be a stork—standing on one

leg?"

"No, Baby Buntly," answered the

rabbit gentleman. "I am not trying to

be a stork. But I have the rheumatism—

it hurts me so much that I can't walk!

Oh, dear! And I left my red white

and blue barter pole crutch home! I

don't know what to do!"

"Sit on my sled and I'll pull you

home. It's down hill all the way,"

said Uncle Wiggly. "But I am rather

large and your sled is quite small—"

"Oh, I guess you can sit on it!" inter-

rupted Baby Buntly. "Try it!"

Well, Uncle Wiggly managed to get

one edge of himself on the little sled,

and holding his rheumatism paw out

in front of him he called to Baby Buntly

to begin to pull.

"Here we go!" she cried, and she

began to hop fast, and she had gone

quite a distance before she heard Uncle

Wiggly's voice behind her crying:

"Oh, Baby Buntly! Wait! I slipped

off because your sled is so tiny!"

"Well, get on again, and I'll start

slower," said the rabbit girl as she

came back to where the rabbit had

fallen off in a snow drift. Once more

Uncle Wiggly got on her sled. This

time everything seemed to be all right

but as Baby Buntly was turning around

a corner on the hill, once more the

bunny gentleman fell off.

"Oh, Baby Buntly!" he cried, for his

rheumatism hurt him very much. "I

don't believe my sled can ride on

your sled. You had better skip along

and get some of the animal boys to

come with their big sleds. I can ride

on a large sled, but not on yours, my

dear!"

"Mine is quite small," said Baby

Buntly. "But—wait a minute—here

comes Squeaky Squealer, the little pig

boy. He's big and strong. He's about the

size of mine, but you can ride half on

mine and half on his, and we'll take

you home that way."

And surely enough by sitting on the

two sleds—half of himself on each—

Uncle Wiggly was pulled home for he

couldn't hop. And the only thing that

happened was, right in front of his

bungalow, Baby Buntly pulled her sled

but as Baby Buntly was turning around

a corner on the hill, once more the

bunny gentleman fell off. He was

worn, so his rheumatism was soon

better.

But Baby Buntly and Squeaky

Mary's Kitchen

One of the most delicious of the

winter vegetables to serve with beef is

cauliflower. It's usually rather expen-

sive, but even so, very much worth

while as a food. Served with a white

sauce or cheese the food value is

greatly increased and the dish fur-

nishes some protein as well as mineral

salts.

Cauliflower should always be put

in cold salt and water for an hour be-

fore cooking. Allow one teaspoon salt

to one quart water and use enough

water to more than cover the veget-

able. The flowerets may be separated

or the head cooked and served whole.

When cooking cauliflower cook un-

covered in fast boiling water to cover,

allowing one teaspoon salt to one

quart of water. Add salt at the end

of 15 minutes. Skim the water as

soon as it rises.

BOILED CAULIFLOWER WITH

WHITE SAUCE.

One medium sized cauliflower, 2

tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons

flour, 1-1/4 cups milk, 4 tablespoons

water in which cauliflower was

cooked, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-3/4 teaspoon

paprika.

Cut off green outer leaves and put

head in cold salt water for an hour.

The cut end of the head should be up.

Drain and rinse in clear cold water.

Put in a kettle of boiling salted water

and boil gently 40 minutes. Drain and

put in a hot vegetable dish. Pour over

the white sauce made as follows:

Melt butter in sauce pan, stir in

flour. Do not let the butter

bubble while melting. Add milk slowly,

stirring constantly. After adding

each portion of milk stir and cook the

sauce until perfectly smooth and as

thick as possible.

When all the milk is used add the

cauliflower water, salt and pepper.

Stir and cook until smooth and

creamy. Sauce made in this way is

perfectly cooked and requires no

straining.

BAKED CAULIFLOWER WITH

CHEESE.

One medium sized cauliflower, 1

tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour,

1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons grated

cheese, 2 tablespoons coarse bread

crumbs, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-4 tea-

spoon paprika.

Cook cauliflower as in preceding re-

cipe. Drain and separate in flowerets

convenient for serving. Arrange in a

well buttered baking dish. Make a

white sauce by melting butter, stir-

ring in flour and slowly adding milk.

Season with salt and half the cheese.

Pour over cauliflower.

Sprinkle remaining cheese over

bread crumbs. Cover top of cauliflow-

er and sauce with crumbs and

cheese, dot with bits of butter and

sprinkle with paprika. Bake in a

moderate oven till brown. It will take

about half an hour.

LUNCHEON CAULIFLOWER.

One large cauliflower, 6 finely

chopped mushrooms, 2 tablespoons

butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 eggs

(yolks), 1 tablespoon lemon juice,

1-1/2 cups milk, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 1-3

teaspoon pepper, few gratings nutmeg,

5 triangles toast.

Soak cauliflower in cold salted wa-

ter for an hour. Separate head in

flowerets and boil in salted water 20

minutes. Drain and arrange on hot

toast. Pour over the sauce, garnish

with parsley and serve.

To make the sauce, melt butter in

smooth sauce pan, stir in flour and

slowly add milk. Stir until boiling and

add mushrooms. Season with salt,

pepper and nutmeg. Simmer three or

four minutes to cook mushrooms. Beat

eggs slightly with strained lemon

juice.

Put the sauce pan over boiling wa-

ter and stir in the eggs. Do not let

boil or the eggs may curdle. Cook

over hot water until sauce thickens.

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LEARN A WORD
EVERY DAY

Today's word is demagogue.

It's pronounced—dem-a-gue—with

accent on the first syllable.

It means—a poser in politics, one

who plays an insincere role to gain

public support, one who inflames pub-

lic passions to advance himself, a mob

leader.

It comes from—Greek "demos,"

people, and "agelos," to lead.

Companion words—demagogue,

demagogism.

It's used like this—Those politi-

cians who would inspire us with har-

shing words of our neighbors and arouse

strife are demagogues.

SKIRTS

In spite of all rumors to the con-

trary skirts are dropping steadily

floorward. The smartest gowns are

now reaching from the shoulders to the

designers insist that as the summer

proceeds the length will increase.

Squealer were great helps, just the